The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps:
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on!"

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on!

Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

THE TIME OF TESTING.

In these days when the young men of our households are going out from us, some to France, some to sea, some to the training-camps, one must be dull of mind and heart who does not acknowledge a quicker pulse and an unfamiliar tightness in the throat. Never have I found so much that I want to say and never have I found utterance so difficult. The minister who has had no chance to speak to these young men face to face, to see the light in their eyes, and to feel the challenge of their spirit, has missed one of the great opportunities of his life. These boys are leaving us not

knowing for what destination or for what fate, but realizing that they are laying aside their natural ambitions and cherished hopes, risking health and life itself, at the call of duty. They are not actuated by any reckless spirit of adventure or expectation of military glory. They love life and are reluctant to endanger it. There is nothing careless or callous about them. Their mood is sensitive and responsive. They are facing certain ultimate facts. They are accustoming themselves to unwonted disciplines and sacrifices. Life is taking on for them—and for those who love them—a deeper tone and significance. The real and eternal values of life, which have always been more or less in the background, are now in the foreground.

And what of us who must perforce remain at home? Do we begin to realize that our inglorious generation has a chance to live in an heroic age? Do we discern the divine significance there is in the sacrifices that a multitude of people all over the land are making? Do we appreciate the spirit of our own times, and do we recognize the inalienable gains that have already been won? France has been regenerated and Belgium glorified through suffering; the British Empire has been unified; Russia has been liberated; America has been drawn out of selfish isolation and materialism to new moral earnestness, to disinterested service, to realization of what a great republic means and stands for in and for the world.

Never was there a time more filled with high idealism and with helpful Christian activity than are these troubled days; never a time when men were questioning so eagerly the problems of life; never a time when the big, vital things in human experience were so much in evidence. What is to be wrought out of the turmoil, what uplifting of the hopes of the race, what new births of freedom, what manifestations of the kingdom of God, no one can tell, but it is safe to prophesy a new heaven and a new earth, a new heart and spirit for mankind.

How the old prophetic symbols come back to us and find new and pertinent application! The spirit of the Lord, we read, is like fire, or like a rushing wind. Destructive forces! Yes, but perhaps divine instruments too! How the wind drives out the fog, and clears the atmosphere, and freshens us with new vitality! How the fire banishes the tepid and torpid, melts the frozen, inflames and expands! So shall not the deep experiences through which our generation is passing work mighty transformations? A world baptized of fire and the Holy Ghost can never again be the old heedless, misunderstanding, contentious world with which we have been familiar.

In the coming months we shall have to bear unwonted hardships and sorrows. We must learn to live sparingly. We must learn the wholesome lessons of economy. We must realize that extravagance and wastefulness are as unpatriotic as the shirking of military duty. We must perhaps endure bitter griefs and know the sting of disaster. So long as the British fleet and our own Dreadnoughts are undefeated we shall be spared the horrors of invasion and the destruction that has been the lot of some of our dauntless allies, but the end of this most demoniacal of wars still seems to be a long way off. Our strength and patience are sure to be severely tested. We are to prove to ourselves and to the world that no anxieties or bewilderments or stern sorrows can turn us from our strong purpose "to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government." We are not interested in gains of territory or trade, but we are deeply concerned that the principles of social and political organization that we believe are best adapted to secure the welfare and happiness of all the people shall not be swept aside by unscrupulous force; that the democracies of the world shall continue to work out their great experiments of self-government; and that the futility and stupidity of war shall be so burnt into men's consciousness that the recurrence of the insensate outrages of the last three years shall be forever impossible. We desire no undue humiliation for our enemies. We do not wish to crush the German people, though we see no other destiny than extinction for the ruthless and hypocritical military caste that at present dominates Germany.

We are not blind to our own imperfections. No boasting can hide our shortcomings. We do not underestimate the terrible price we may have to pay, but I am sure that we may discover in the experiences of the last three months large reasons for optimism and confidence. The spirit of our young men, and of those who send them to undesired but necessary battle, is, for the most part, clean and chivalric. Our inexperienced leaders have disclosed an unexpected capacity for wise planning and achievement. Again, as so often before we are seeing how responsibility itself

develops both inspiration and executive power in individuals and communities. A great task is the best of teachers; and the bigger the task, the larger the vision that grows out of it. Men respond to the demands of a big obligation.

I venture to think that if our Christian institutions have failed in these tumultuous times to adequately meet the needs of the hour it is because religion has required too little of us. The appeal has been too hesitating, the vision too vague, the task too easy and uninteresting. We have been too much imprisoned by the trivialities and conventionalities of religious experience. We have had Christian profession without spiritual possession. We have had the show without the life, the imitation without the reality. We have had religion, but religion has not had us. I cannot help thinking that now we are getting away from dilettantism and from the non-essentials. We are beginning to do great business in deep waters. Both our patriotism and our religion are becoming fired with responsibility and with moral earnestness. The old conservatisms are shaking down. The most unchanging of men and of nations are becoming teachable and are ready to welcome novel experiments. We are discovering the possibilities of co-operation among all the forces of righteousness. We are sweeping away the cobwebs and hypocrisies. We are sending to the scrap-heap the separatist theories that made men and nations exclusive, jealous, self-sufficing, suspicious. We are creating a new internationalism, a real League of the Free Peoples. We are resolved that a just and righteous peace must be permanently established.—*Samuel A. Eliot.*

THE STILL HOUR.

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear;
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the holy Grail.

From Sir Galahad,
by Alfred Tennyson.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror of the night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall by thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, and the Most High thy habitation;

There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation."

—*Ninety-first Psalm.*

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even forevermore."

—*One Hundred Twenty-first Psalm.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

REQUESTS.

1. Miss Teresa M. Dugue, a young lady of sixteen years, would personally like to receive educational works, etc., and I believe through your department she can be helped a great deal. I hope that some friends will not hesitate to send her any kind of valuable reading, as she has already stopped her studies. Felix C. Evangelista. Please address Miss Teresa M. Dugue, Anao, Taclac, P.I.

2. Short stories will be welcome to Mrs. Susan Richardson and Miss Mary Kennedy, of Oakboro, North Carolina.

3. Mrs. Lucy Jones, Edgewood, Virginia, will be glad of magazines. Her little girls ask for paper dolls.

4. I am very anxious to receive the following books: "Life of Christ," "Stepping Heavenward," "Ben Hur," "St. Elmo." I will pass them on when I have read them. I should also like papers or magazines. I wrote once before, but I never saw my letter in print. I am the mother of one little girl and a stepmother of four boys and girls. I should also like scraps for patchwork. I am poor and living on rented land. I belong to the Brethren Church. I should be glad to correspond with any of the members of *The Cheerful Letter*. For reference, write to W. A. Lackey of Elamsville, Virginia. My address is Mrs. Charlie W. Foley, Elamsville, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

5. I should be pleased to receive any good literature, also some scraps for patchwork. I refer you to Rev. R. F. Munns, Magnolia, North Carolina. I live in a sparsely settled neighborhood and have nine small children to care for, and I should be so glad of anything to help amuse them. Address Mrs. W. G. Pridgen, Ivanhoe, North Carolina.

6. I am in very bad health and have to stay in very closely. I should be glad of any good reading matter you could send me, and will pass it along among other homes. Address Mrs. W. W. Davis, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

7. William V. Rinter, R. D. 16, Box 16, Indiana, Pennsylvania, will be grateful for a late magazine. Mr. Rinter is a shut-in.

8. Mrs. D. R. Lancaster, 1040 North Liberty Street, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, asks for *The Cheerful Letter*, as also does Mrs. Thomas S. Lester of Floyd, Virginia.

9. Mrs. Daniel A. Monroe, Manchester, North Carolina, will be glad of any good reading.

10. Bessie McFarland, Manchester, North Carolina, will greatly appreciate magazines and farm papers.

11. Mrs. D. P. Morrell, North Berwick, Maine, will be glad of *The Cheerful Letter* and suitable reading for children.

12. Mrs. H. C. Martin writes that Mrs. Pearl Brown McGee died in 1914; her little girl, Elsie, five years old, loves little stories, and asks that pictures and suitable reading be sent. Address, care of Mrs. H. C. Martin, Vinton, Virginia.

13. Mrs. R. Mantel, Ashland, Wisconsin, will be glad of good reading.

14. *Ladies' Home Journal* is asked for by Mrs. L. J. Hillman, Esmont, Virginia; Mrs. N. A. Coleman, Amherst, Virginia; Mrs. Odessa Wright, Dodson, Virginia; and Mrs. T. S. Beard, Phoenix, Virginia, Box 25.

15. Miss Violet Cairns, 204 Washington St., Portage, Wisconsin, asks for *Youth's Companion* or *Good Housekeeping*.

16. *The Metropolitan* is asked for by Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Three Rivers, Michigan.

17. *The Designer* or *Good Housekeeping* is asked for by Mrs. E. R. Abbitt, Appomattox, Virginia.

18. *Munsey* or *Ladies' Home Journal* will be appreciated by Mrs. Asenath Murphy, Chesterhill, Ohio.

19. *Youth's Companion* is asked for by Mrs. Katie Hale, Roxbury, Ohio; Miss Jennie Tatum, Tatum, Virginia; and Mrs. J. E. Coffey, Sandidges, Virginia.

20. Mrs. Annie M. Corson, West Levant, Maine, R. F. D. 2, has a lonesome life and will be glad of reading.

21. I am a Congregational minister. Any books or pamphlet literature your society may have to distribute would be appreciated by me. I wish you would hold my name for such use. I enjoy so much Unitarian literature. Address Rev. Irving K. Merchant, 625 E. Vine Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.

22. Mrs. Will Dickinson, Fredericksburg, Route 2, Virginia, living among strangers, will appreciate good reading, and pictures for her little two-year-old girl.

23. I thank all friends who have sent me books. I have enjoyed and passed them on to others. I should be very glad to have a copy of some recent history of education, also a work on entomology giving instruction for mounting moths and butterflies, etc. Address Miss Mamie Taylor, R. 2, Box 35, Green Bay, Virginia.

24. Mrs. George Laurence, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, writes: It has been several years since I corresponded with any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I should like to receive literature for myself, also picture books for my little girl aged six, who has been an invalid since January.

25. Mr. B. W. Johnson, Bristol, South Dakota, will be glad of good magazines.

26. Florence Thornton, Pera, Virginia, asks for *Youth's Companion*. She has four sisters and a brother to enjoy any reading.

27. Mrs. B. A. Witt, Epperson, Tennessee, asks for reading for herself and husband. She especially wishes *Needlecraft*.

28. I very much desire to thank *The Cheerful Letter* for the good reading sent me during the summer, and, looking forward to the winter with its cold days and long nights, I am trusting that I will still be remembered. I especially desire some books of sermons and religious lectures and discourses. Literature may be sent by express or freight to Christiansburg, Virginia, or by mail to Floyd, Virginia. (Rev.) Dallas J. Bryant.

29. Mrs. Edd Lepler, Ansonville, North Carolina, asks for reading for herself and family; also for pieces for patchwork.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

GRUMBLING.

Grumbling is considered the Englishman's privilege. It is frequently said that while other nations under happier skies are content to sit under a hedge and bask in the sunshine, an Englishman goes grumbling on to perfection. Well then we must remember that in this, as in most other things, there is a right and a wrong method; in a word, there is grumbling *and* grumbling. In its worse sense, which it must be confessed is its ordinary sense, grumbling means a disagreeable, querulous complaining, without any special object of ameliorating matters, but merely intended to produce a sort of selfish satisfaction in ourselves by making everybody else as uncomfortable as possible, because things have not turned out just as we desired. In its better sense, namely, the sense in which we talk of "grumbling on to perfection," it means finding fault, with the intention of producing improvement. In this sense it is one of the highest duties of man. The question then arises how shall we best fulfil this duty?

We remember hearing of an old gentleman who was particularly successful in curing young men of their various faults and follies, and awkward and evil habits, and his method was very simple. He always sought out first what was good and praiseworthy in the conduct of—shall we say—"his patient," and commenced by referring in terms of high but truthful commendation to these qualities, and then and not till then, did he proceed to point out the fault that required correction, generally confining himself to attacking one fault at a time. For instance, he would commend a young man for his readiness to please others, and do anything for anybody, and then show him that by a little thoughtless want of punctuality he had almost marred all his kindness by causing his friend to miss a most important appointment, the consequences of which might perhaps have been very serious.

We advise those who desire to improve their servants, their friends, or their acquaintances, to try this method. One thing it will certainly secure, and that is, they will improve *themselves*. For, alas, a great many people cannot summon up sufficient courage to reform the faults of others until they "have worked themselves up," as they call it—that is, until they have really lost full command over them-

selves; and then they discharge their reproof like letting off a Leyden jar with a sudden shock, which is productive of anything but a salutary influence either on themselves or others. The happiness of a home depends very largely upon the skill in fault-finding possessed by its mistress; and it is surely worth while giving a little—nay, a very great deal—of consideration to the means of acquiring such skill.

It is true the first grand requisite is goodness of heart and kindliness of intention. Yet we have frequently seen even these fail when accompanied by lack of knowledge and want of experience, and it is for this reason that we have thought it desirable to call attention to the subject. Perhaps it may possibly happen that some who read these lines have scarcely realized that fault-finding is a solemn duty imposed upon them, and that if they desire faithfully to follow Christ they must not shrink from it. If they desire truly to serve their fellow-man, they cannot escape from it.

There was some few years ago a phrase very common in London, "Am I my brother's keeper?" spoken with a shrug of the shoulders and an implied intention of taking one's own selfish enjoyment and not troubling oneself about what happened to other people.

Now in very truth "Every man *is* his brother's keeper," and while Christ denounced in terrible and righteous wrath him that should offend—that is, lead astray—one of the little ones, we feel also that the words of the Apostle are not less true—"To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." That is, in the question we are considering, if we see our brother going wrong, and speak not the right word to help him, we are not without guilt. God give to each of us the knowledge and the wisdom, the gentleness of heart, and the purity of soul, that shall enable us so to grumble, so to find fault, as to succeed in saving, if it be but "one of the little ones."—*By the late Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

It has been my privilege to reside five years in Settle, an ancient market town which forms a convenient centre for any one wishing to visit the Craven district of Yorkshire, that "land of mountain, rock, and river," alas! too little known to either the visitor or health seeker.

One lovely spring morning I found myself walking by the Ribble. There had been heavy rain in the night Penyghent way, and the river was fresh and running swiftly. I was near the farm known as Gildersleets, when I saw a solitary lamb nibbling grass, perilously near the water, the sheep and other lambs being at the opposite end of the field a quarter of a mile away. As I was approaching, the turf on which the lamb stood fell into the river, taking the little creature with it. I hastened to the spot, intending to effect a rescue if possible; but the lamb, finding itself in the water, gave a sudden, loud cry. I glanced toward the flock, and noticed one lift her head and stand listening. "Ah!" thinks I, "that's the mother! She knows the sound of that voice." The lamb gave a second cry; and the mother, having located whence the sound came, at once ran to the spot and, without a moment's hesitation, sprang into the water. She seemed to take in the whole circumstances at a glance, and saw she could not get back the way she had gone, the river bank being almost perpendicular; but she had seen, what I had not noticed, that on the opposite side the farmer had cut a way for the cattle to get down to the water to drink, and with her nose she pushed the lamb in front of her until its little trotters touched *terra firma*, and both walked out.

As my services were not required, I resumed my walk—a wiser if not a better man for having seen this act of heroism.—*From The Christian Life.*

THE BRAVE WAR DOGS.

When the historian records the story of this great war one chapter will be devoted to the great work done by dogs, says a correspondent in the *Mail and Empire*.

Practically all the European nations have used dogs in one way or another. They have been on the battlefield attached to the ambulance corps, on patrol duty. They have been despatch carriers and scouts, and when the invasion of Belgium took place they drew the quick-firing guns to the front line.

In addition to their work on the battlefield, dogs did much to aid refugees. They took their masters and their families out of the line of invasion.

War correspondents have told how much sagacity and courage the Belgian draught dogs displayed upon the battlefield at Haelen, where, with the aid of Colonel Isaac Newton Lewis's machine gun, they held back

for a time the German advance through Belgium.

Just how many wounded men on both sides of the firing line have been saved by sheep-dogs and other breeds probably never will be known. These dogs have been trained to search for wounded, and by taking a man's cap to headquarters in the field a trained nurse or doctor follows the dog, who leads back to the place where the man is lying. Frequently a wounded man with his last ounce of strength will use it to drag himself out of the line of fire. It is in the out-of-the-way places that the dog has been particularly valuable.

If dogs were given medals for valor or for distinguished services on the battlefield, doubtless thousands would have won the coveted cross of war, for there have been instances without number on both sides where they have distinguished themselves.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE BIRTHDAY IN FAIRY-LAND.

(Continued from last number.)

As Annie looked, her lovely lips opened; and, with a voice that sounded like the murmuring of a brook that seeks protection from the hot sun's rays under the overhanging boughs and grass, she said these words: "Often, dear Annie, I have been near you in your earthly home; when your heart has been weary of the common duties of every day, and you have sighed and wished to be released, to sport with us under some old tree which looks down kindly on our revels, to feast with us on the dew-filled acorn-cup, with us to wander at will over that wide earth of which you have seen so little. Often have these thoughts crossed your mind, and you have said to yourself that nothing which home could give was to be compared with the delights of fairy power and liberty. But I do not wish you, dear child, to think that it is so: if you could look into the hearts of fairies, as you will soon look into their lives, and compare them with those of men, you would soon see the secret of happiness; that with love and duty every mortal can be happy, while without them no fairy can have true pleasure. Our powers and privileges are greater than yours, but so are our duties: it is always so, and joy is equally in the power of all."

She paused; and the sweet-toned choir sung,—

"Joy of lives that seek to be
What daily duties may decree;
Joy of love, sincere and true,
Felt toward all to whom 'tis due;
These the joys that mortals bless,
These make fairies' happiness."

"That is the true secret of pleasure," continued the gentle fairy, when the music ceased. "And now for a visit to my palace."

Aglauré waved her wand, and while the chariot descended to the ground at Annie's side she suddenly felt a change come over her, and when she looked round her again she seemed to be standing near a mighty city, with a stately chariot and a noble lady by her side; but in a moment Annie perceived what was really the case, that the change was in herself, for that she had assumed the size and form of the fairies by whom she was surrounded. But, without staying to wonder at the change, she ascended to the side of Aglauré; the butterflies moved forward, and, entering the city, went proudly on, surrounded by troops of fairies, until they entered the palace. There the magnificence almost startled Annie, who seemed to have thrown off all her mortal feelings with her mortal shape.

When they had entered the palace, Aglauré left them, while Annie was led into a large hall. The same fairy with whom she had been speaking at the Queen's approach soon came to her, and said, "Do you know, Annie, the occasion on which you have been brought hither?" And when Annie replied that she did not,—"You must know, then," the fairy continued, "that Eudora, the eldest daughter of Queen Aglauré, has this day reached her tenth year; and that, as a reward for the sweetness and virtue she has shown for the last year, that there is to be a grand entertainment at the palace, at which all the children of the city have been invited to be present, four of whom have been selected to place a crown on the head of Eudora, and then"— Here she was interrupted by the sudden stroke of a bell in another part of the palace, which, clear and musical, rang through the halls, loud at first, and dying so gradually away that you could hardly know when the faint murmur ceased.

"Hasten! hasten!" cried the fairy, "the blue bell rings, to call us to the Hall of the Crowning"; and as they went, a messenger from the Queen met them, to call Annie to stand by her side.

I cannot undertake to describe the ceremony of crowning: the beauty of the vast hall, crowded by graceful forms, whose

sparkling wings made the golden sunshine yet more golden; or the beautiful array of children, all dressed in frocks made of white violet-petals. The four who were to crown Eudora wore each a glittering crown of real firefly sparkles, but Eudora's was a single wreath. I cannot describe the murmur of delight when it was placed on her brow; how modest she looked, and how proud Aglauré seemed. I must leave these to be imagined, and tell how, after it was all over, a prelude of sweet music was heard from a single flute (made of a windflower stalk), and the well-known choir sung this song:—

"Fairest flower on fairy field,
Greenest leaf on fairy tree,
All your graceful beauties yield
In Eudora's wreath to be;
While you can, your freshness give,
Lend your sweetness while you live.
Flower-crowns must fade away,
Crowns of virtue ever stay.

We, who on Eudora's head
Place the wreath our hands have made,
Know that soon its charms are fled,
Soon its summer hues must fade;
But Eudora's sweetness gains
Another wreath that still remains.
Flower-crowns must fade away,
Crowns of virtue ever stay.

Happy she who gains this wreath,—
'Tis to love and duty given;
Happy in this world beneath,
Happy in the thought of heaven;
Common ills may strive in vain
To change this happiness to pain.
Flower-crowns must fade away,
Crowns of virtue ever stay."

"Prove this to be true, my darling child," said Aglauré to her daughter, "and I ask no more. And now go to your playmates."

If I said that I could not possibly describe the scene of the crowning, I certainly should be very rash to try to describe the sports of that wonderful afternoon. I only know that every amusement and delight that human and fairy experience put together could contrive,—every sport and game ever played upon this earth, and (so far as I know) on all the other earths,—all were put in practice there; and Annie thought the fairy children, and the fairy children thought Annie, quite the most delightful companions ever known. And it was not till all were so thoroughly tired out that they had to sit down and rest, that any one of that happy band would pause for a moment.

"Dear Annie," said Aglauré, as she came at last to rest her weary limbs by the side of the Queen, "are you willing to stay with us forever, and never go back to your home on earth?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" said Annie, "for, though I have dreamed of fairies all my life, I never dreamed of having such a good time. I never want to see my home again, and I have almost forgotten how it looks. But where is Eudora gone? At first she was the gayest of all, and those always seemed happiest who were nearest her."

"She has not been here for some time," said the Queen; "for there are beings dearer to her than even these playmates, happy as your play has been. Come with me, and you shall see that I spoke the truth in what I said to you before we entered the city."

Annie followed the Queen through a long and lofty passageway, at the end of which Aglauré threw open the door, and entered a smaller apartment. And there a beautiful scene was before them. Eudora was seated in a large chair, surrounded by as lovely a group as ever artist painted,—a group of brothers and sisters,—of whom two boys were clinging to her chair, and chattering to her as fast as their tongues could go; a third (whose eager face, as it looked up at Annie, reminded her too well of the sunny eyes and fair hair of a certain earthly child she had not quite forgotten) was seated on the floor, just finishing a house built of blocks, by putting for a roof *the crown itself*, which the fourth, a baby in Eudora's arms, had taken and thrown to the ground, without her ever finding it out! No wonder Eudora had left the crowded hall!

Annie looked intently at the lovely scene; and by degrees a mist seemed to gather over her mind, and soon thick and fast came back the memories of home, and feelings that had been for a time laid aside in the excitement of these new scenes came rushing in upon her heart, and she seemed to see before her the group of loving ones at her own dear home. All was like the fairy scene before her—the two busy talkers, and the little architect, and even the baby, all were there; but the chair was empty, and where was Annie? "And shall I never, never see the darlings again?" thought she. "And have I agreed to stay here forever, and let them look for me in vain, and at last mourn for me as lost? Oh! how foolish and wicked I was to think that anything here could give me any pleasure, without having them with me!" And she covered her face with her hands; but the tears stole out between them, and fell thick and

fast on the ground. "Oh, kind Aglauré," she cried, "let me go back to my home on earth. How could I ever dream of being happy anywhere else! Oh! take me there again!"

"Dear Annie," said the beautiful Queen, bending tenderly over her, "I had never a wish to prevent you from returning to that happy home. Believe me, my only wish was to make you value it better, to teach you the truth I told you when I entered the city, and to show it to you by the example of my Eudora. I tell you again the true secret of happiness: with love and duty, every mortal may be happy, and no fairy can ever be so without them. Take this lesson with you to your home, and so farewell!"

Aglauré placed one hand on Annie's, and waved her wand. The room seemed suddenly darkened,—a confused feeling overclouded her senses,—there was a moment of insensibility; through all which she still held fast to the hand of the Queen, pressing it as if for support; and she still held it when her senses, and the light and the air, came back to her, and lo! she was sitting in her own chair at her own home,—and, wonders of wonders!—the Queen Aglauré was her own dear mother!

"I should think you had slept almost enough, Annie," said Stevie, rather scornfully.

"You've been asleep all through mother's beautiful story," said Willie.

"Lazy girl," stammered out little Agnes.

And even Master Baby expressed his opinion by opening his blue eyes wider, as if to make up for Annie's being shut so long.

"O mother, mother!" cried Annie, as she threw herself into her mother's arms. "I never will leave you again, for Fairy Land or Dream Land either. But what was that sound?"

No one heard it but Annie; but it was low distant music, dying away in the words "Farewell, farewell."—*By T. W. Higginson.*

Whose eye with melting pity flows,
His life is like a summer rose;
But he whose ready hands are kind,
A father's heart in God shall find;
For better 'tis to love than weep,
And better far to work than sleep,
For human kindness is divine,
And what thou givest shall be thine.

—*Frederick Rowland Marvin.*

ON THINKING GLAD.

Never mind a change of scene—
Try a change of thinking.
What if things seem sordid, mean,
What's the use of blinking?
Life's not always storm and cloud,
Somewhere stars are shining.
Try to think your joys out loud,
Silence all repining.

By degrees, by thinking light,
Thinking glad and sweetly,
You'll escape the stress of night,
Worry gone completely.
Get the habit looking for
Sunbeams pirouetting,
Tapping gaily at your door—
Surest cure for fretting.

—*John Kendrick Bangs,*
In Practical Ideas.

Find your niche and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.—*Spurgeon.*

Overcoming the world implies overcoming a state of worldly anxiety. Worldly men are almost incessantly in a fever of anxiety lest their worldly schemes should fail. But the man who gets above the world gets above this state of ceaseless and corroding anxiety.—*Charles G. Finney.*

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most,
That the strongest wander farthest, and more hopelessly are lost,
That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,
That the anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of the strain?

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that, whichever way we go,
Walls of darkness must surround us, things we would but cannot know?
That the Infinite must bound us like a temple veil unrent,
While the finite ever wearies, so that none attain content?

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the fulness yet to come
Is so glorious and so perfect that to know would strike us dumb?
That if only for a moment we would pierce beyond the sky
With these poor dim eyes of mortals we should just see God and die?

—*Sarah Williams.*

KINDNESS.

Kindness is the power of making the world happy, or at least of so greatly diminishing the amount of unhappiness in it as to make it quite a different world from what it is at present. The worst kinds of unhappiness, as well as the greatest amount of it, come from our conduct to each other. If our conduct, therefore, were under the control of kindness, it would be nearly the opposite of what it is, and so the state of the world would be almost reversed. We are for the most part unhappy because the world is an unkind world. But the world is only unkind for the lack of kindness in us units who compose it. Now if all this is but so much as half true, it is plainly worth our while to take some trouble to gain clear and definite notions of kindness. We practise more easily what we already know clearly.

We must first ask ourselves what kindness is. Words which we are using constantly soon cease to have much distinct meaning in our minds. They become symbols and figures rather than words, and we content ourselves with the general impression they make upon us. Now let us be a little particular about kindness and describe it as accurately as we can. First it is the overflowing of self upon others. We put others in the place of self. We treat them as we should wish to be treated ourselves. We change places with them. For the time self is another, and others are self. Our self-love takes the place of complacence in unselfishness. We cannot speak of the virtues without thinking of God. What would the overflow of self upon others be in him the Everblessed and Eternal? It was the act of creation. Creation was divine kindness. From it, as from a fountain, flow the possibilities, the powers, the blessings, of all created kindness.

Then again, kindness is the coming to the rescue of others when they need it and it is in our power to supply what they need; and this is the work of the Attributes of God toward his creatures. His omnipotence is forever making up our deficiency of power. His justice is continually correcting our erroneous judgments. His mercy is always consoling our fellow-creatures under our hard-heartedness. His truth is perpetually hindering the consequences of our falsehood. His perfections are incessantly coming to the rescue of our imperfections.

Moreover, kindness is also like divine grace; for it gives men something which neither self nor nature can give them. What it gives them is something of which they are in want, or something which only another person can give, such as consolation; and besides this, the manner in which this is given is a true gift itself, better far than the thing given.

Kindness adds sweetness to everything. It is kindness which makes life's capabilities blossom, and paints them with their cheering hues, and endows them with their invigorating fragrance. Whether it waits on its superiors, or ministers to its inferiors, or deports itself with its equals, its work is marked by a prodigality which the strictest discretion cannot blame. It does unnecessary work, which when done looks the most necessary work that could be. If it goes to soothe sorrow, it does more than soothe it. If it relieves a want, it cannot do so without doing more than relieve it. Its manner is something extra, and is the choice thing in the bargain. Even when it is economical in what it gives, it is not economical of the gracefulness with which it gives it.

Last of all, the secret impulse out of which kindness acts is an instinct which is the noblest part of ourselves, the most undoubted remnant of the image of God, which was given us at first. We must therefore never think of kindness as being a common growth of our nature, common in the sense of being of little value. It is the nobility of man. In all its modifications it reflects a heavenly type. It runs up into eternal mysteries. It is a divine thing rather than a human one, and it is human because it springs from the soul of man just at the point where the divine image was graven deepest.—*Frederick W. Faber, D.D.*

Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?—*Isaiah* vi. 8.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.—*Psalms.*

It is a grand thing to find joy in one's work. If you have found that, you have found the heart of life. Glad service is better than great service, unless that be glad, too.—*James Buckham.*

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to Heaven, 'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

—*Alice Carey.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CHANGED INITIALS.

I am a word of four letters, and mean the bottom of anything.

Change my head, and I am a box.

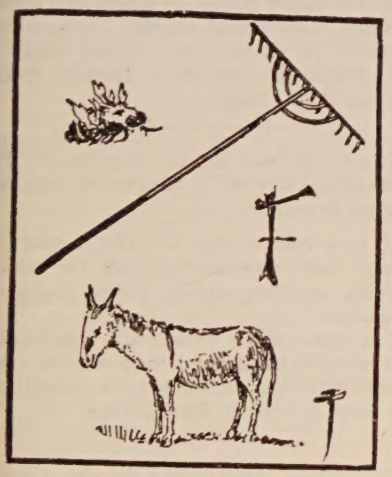
Change my head, and I am freedom from trouble.

Again, and I am to rub out.

Again, and I am an ornamental urn.

II.

What word is this?



—*Selected.*

III.

THE FLOWER WEDDING.

1. What was the bridegroom's name?
2. The bride's name?
3. At what hour was the wedding?
4. What high dignitary married them?
5. Who assisted him?
6. Who was one dark-eyed bridesmaid?
7. One precise bridesmaid?
8. One from between the mountains?
9. What sealed the marriage contract?
10. Who gave the bride away?
11. What did she wear on her feet?
12. What did she wear on her head?
13. What gloves?
14. What style of collar did she wear?
15. How did she know she would marry him?
16. Where did the groom salute her?
17. What was the color of her eyes?
18. The color of her cheeks?
19. The color of her lips?
20. What put the blush on her cheeks?
21. What were the ages of her guests?
22. What denomination were they?
23. What fop was at the wedding?
24. What bashful guests?
25. What witness signed the certificate?
26. What was her restless little brother's name?
27. Her robust maid's name?
28. What dishevelled bird sang there?
29. What waved over the house?
30. What bird's song was peculiar?
31. What did the groom think his bride was?
32. Who was her favorite author?
33. What gifts had she from country friends?
34. What refreshments had they?
35. What flower did the groom remove from his button-hole after the wedding?
36. The groom being rich, the bride said what?
37. How did she govern her husband?
38. What were her parting words to her friends?
39. What did her husband smoke?
40. What heavenly bodies lighted their journey?
41. What musical instrument was played?
42. How enduring was their love?

—*Boston Transcript.*

IV.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In tent, but not in noise.
In rain, but not in sun.
In air, but not in light.
In noise, but not in quite.
In street, but not in road.
In corn, but not in oats.
In flower, but not in lilac.
In ice, but not in water.
In pit, but not in bride.
In gift, but not in wedding.

My whole spells the name of a well-known newspaper.

Answers to puzzles in the September number will appear in the November number.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

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IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, November 2, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR BIBLES, EITHER FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. LAURA HALLETT, 37 PINCKNEY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.